

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

MISS ANGLIN'S RECORD.
Margaret Anglin will end her engagement in Chicago, where she is presenting "The Taming of the Shrew," Saturday night after having played eighty-two consecutive weeks, in that space of time she appeared in "Lady Windermere's Fan," "Heavenly Bodies," "The Greek Tragedies at the University of California," "The Divine Comedy," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Early in June Miss Anglin will appear in "As You Like It" at Forest Park, St. Louis, for a week. She will be supported by 1,000 people.

IT'S "HIS BRIDAL NIGHT."
Margaret Mayo, it is announced, has rewritten Lawrence H. King's play, "The Stolen Honeymoon," and the name has been changed to "His Bridal Night." This is the comedy in which A. H. Woods will present the Dolly sisters. Others in the cast will be John Westley, Frank Thomas and Harry Lilford.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.
(Written by Henry Hammond, negro carriage man for the Edison Theatre.)
You may write a thousand letters to the maiden you adore and declare in every letter that you love her more and more. You may praise her grace and beauty in a thousand glowing lines and compare her eyes of azure to the brightest star that shines. If you had the pen of Byron you would use it every day in composing written worship to your sweetheart far away. But the letter far more welcome to an older, gentler breast is the letter to your mother from the boy she loves the best. Your first letter is fierce and flaming and when writing to your love you will rave about your passion, swearing by the stars above; vowing by the moon's white splendor that the girl you adore is the one you'll ever cherish as no maid was loved before. You will pen full many a promise on those pages white and dumb that you never can live up to in the married years to come. But a much more precious letter, bringing more and deeper bliss, is the letter to your mother from the boy she cannot kiss. She will read it very often when the lights are soft and low, sitting in the same old corner where she held you years ago; and regardless of its diction or its spelling or its style, and although its composition would provoke a critic's smile, in her old and trembling fingers it becomes a work of art, stained by tears of joy and sadness as she hugs it to her heart. Yes, the letter of all letters, look wherever you may roam, is the letter to your mother from the boy away from home.

"S'MATTER, POP!"



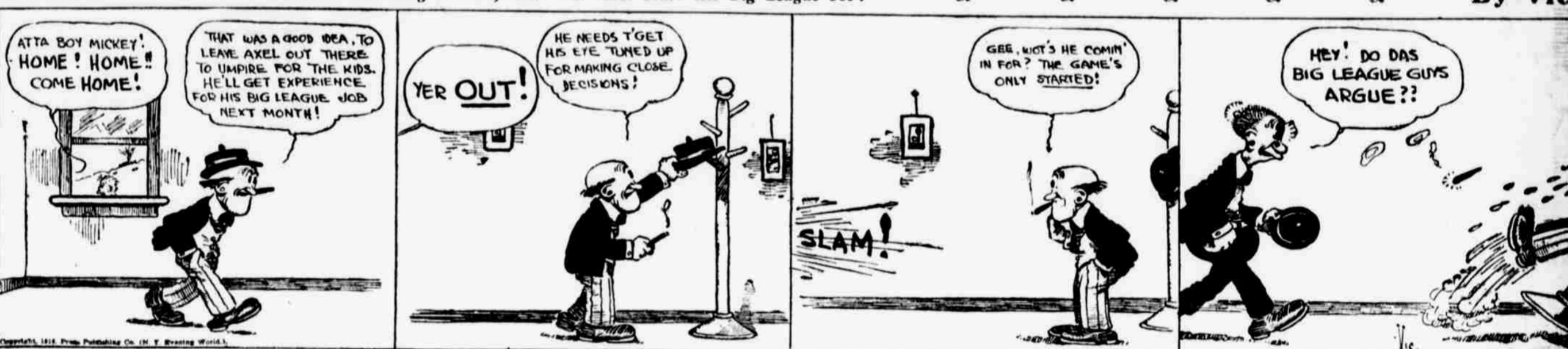
By C. M. Payne

HENRY HASENPFEFFER—He Wasn't as Lucky as His Guests!



By Bud Counihan

FLOOEY AND AXEL—According to This, How Will Axel Start His Big League Job?



By Vic

GOSSIP.

Maude Ream Stover has been engaged for "Through the Ages." Franklin Underwood is to stage "The Dawn" for A. H. Woods. Mrs. Morris Galt will give a beef-steak party at Healy's Sunday night. The new Willard Mack play, which David Belasco will produce, is called "Alla Santa, Clara." Ouida Bergere is to become manager of the film engaging department for the American Play Company Monday. Maude Fealy almost accepted the Irene Fenwick role in "Pay Day" the other day, but she didn't. Edna Wallace Hopper while making an Equitable picture at Saranac Lake fell through the ice. All she said was, "My goodness!" Florence Roberts will close in "The Eternal Magdalene" April 15 in Los Angeles. She is to appear in a new play by Charles Kenyon.

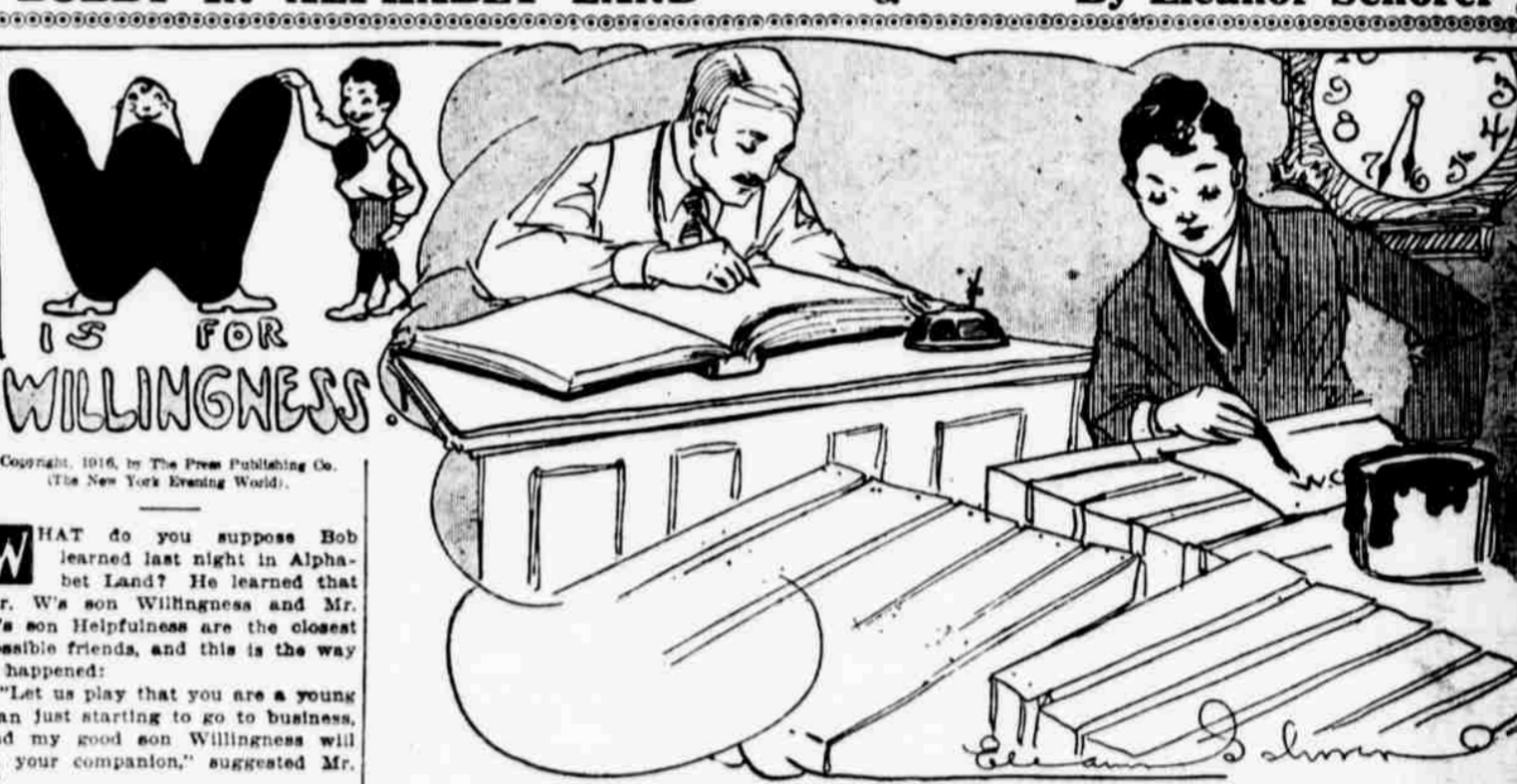
William J. Kelly, now in "The Melody of Youth," may blossom out as an Irish singing star next season. "The Dawn" for A. H. Woods. Mrs. Morris Galt will give a beef-steak party at Healy's Sunday night. The new Willard Mack play, which David Belasco will produce, is called "Alla Santa, Clara." Ouida Bergere is to become manager of the film engaging department for the American Play Company Monday. Maude Fealy almost accepted the Irene Fenwick role in "Pay Day" the other day, but she didn't. Edna Wallace Hopper while making an Equitable picture at Saranac Lake fell through the ice. All she said was, "My goodness!" Florence Roberts will close in "The Eternal Magdalene" April 15 in Los Angeles. She is to appear in a new play by Charles Kenyon.

OH, HOW DISAPPOINTING!
When Charles Judels was with "Nobody Home" in Detroit last week he received a wire from George M. Cohan, reading: "Look out for a special delivery letter." The letter, which was merely to advise him he had been chosen to act in the "Priars' Frolic," hadn't arrived, and Mr. Judels, thinking it was concerning an engagement for next season, spent \$7 telephoning Mr. Cohan. They say the final dollar's worth of talk was made up of pointed expressions of acute disappointment.

GOOD? CORSET IS!
A Beckerman, our Brooklyn correspondent, ate some lobster salad yesterday and then thought of a joke. He has sent it to us, although we have never harmed him. Try to read this: "I think Moran was foolish to train for the bout. I think if he had worn a corset nobody could have said he wasn't in shape." Oh, A! What chances you do take!

BOBBY IN ALPHABET LAND

By Eleanor Schorer



WHAT do you suppose Bob learned last night in Alphabet Land? He learned that Mr. W's son Willingsness and Mr. H's son Helpfulness are the closest possible friends, and this is the way it happened: "Let us play that you are a young man just starting to go to business, and my good son Willingsness will be your companion," suggested Mr. W. "But I know nothing of business," said Bobby. "With Willingsness at hand you will soon learn, you see." Bobby thought this would be a bully good game and said so. Immediately four cream colored walls grew up around him; a high ceiling studded with electric lights was over his head, and several desks and chairs and people to sit in them were produced by such magic as only happens in books, in dreams and on the stage. Under this office was about eleven stories of other offices and over it were about the same number more, and around this big building a big city had grown, all at Mr. W's suggestion! Bob wanted to rub his eyes and pinch himself, but one of the men was asking him, "What is it, young man?" (Bobby had grown as miraculously as the room, building and city.) "I wish employment, if you please," answered Bob. "What can you do?" was the next question. "I am willing," Bob replied. This answer got him no better position in Alphabet Land than it would

have in Ope-eye World. Bob was made office-boy. That day an errand boy left and though the position was lower than his own, Bob did the work quite willingly and never regretted it. It was the busiest season and the shipping man at the factory asked which boy wished to stay after hours and help. None but Bob did Willingsness for friend, and Willingsness was one regretted it, for by helping he learned all about what the factory manufactured, whom they sold to and what the prices of things were. So he became helpful and valuable to the firm, and a little later the factory manager made Bob his assistant, and— Somewhere a clock chimed 7! The factory and city faded! And Bobby was a little chap again! Mr. W met him on the brink of Ope-eye Land and said: "You will find Willingsness as good a friend in Ope-eye Land as here, and I am hoping that this dear son of mine and you will be lifelong chums." And Bob said he was sure they would.

Getting Even.
MR. BRYAN, America's ex-Secretary of State, has told a story of how one of his political enemies got even with him. There was a mass meeting out in Nebraska at which Mr. Bryan was to speak, and which was presided over by a man with whom he had crossed swords several times. There was a real feud on between the two, and when Mr. Bryan ascended the platform the presiding officer, ex-Gov. Thayer of Nebraska, paid no attention to him. At last it came time to introduce

Bryan, and the chairman walked over to him and inquired: "What is your name, please?" "William Jennings Bryan," "Bryan?" Ah, yes," said the chairman. "And what do you do, Mr. Bryan, sing or speak?"—London Tit-Bits.



MARLEY 2 1/2 IN. DEVON 2 1/4 IN. **ARROW COLLARS** of the smart cut away type 2 for 25c CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC.

PREPAREDNESS.



Tragic.
IRVING contributed to the safety of the supper a story about Lawrence Barrett. One night Barrett and his old friend, Edwin Booth, met at their club in New York. Barrett, after brief greetings, bustled toward the door with every appearance of re-

gretted it, for by helping he learned all about what the factory manufactured, whom they sold to and what the prices of things were. So he became helpful and valuable to the firm, and a little later the factory manager made Bob his assistant, and— Somewhere a clock chimed 7! The factory and city faded! And Bobby was a little chap again! Mr. W met him on the brink of Ope-eye Land and said: "You will find Willingsness as good a friend in Ope-eye Land as here, and I am hoping that this dear son of mine and you will be lifelong chums." And Bob said he was sure they would.

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